

it. I *didn't* know, as a matter of fact, but perhaps it was stupid of me. There was more of Tom Taylor in Mabel Vane.

I played five parts in all at the Prince of Wales's, and I think I may claim that the Bancrofts found me a *useful* actress—ever the dull height of my ambition! They wanted Byron—the author of "Our Boys"—to write me a part in the new play, which they had ordered from him, but when "Wrinkles" turned up there was no part which they felt they could offer me, and I think Coghlan was also not included in the cast. At any rate, he was free to take me to see Henry Irving act. Coghlan was always raving about Irving at this time. He said that one evening spent in watching him act was the best education an actor could have. Seeing other people act, even if they are not Irvings, is always an education to us. I have never been to a theatre yet without learning something. It must have been in the spring of 1876 that I received this note :

"Will you come in our box on Tuesday for Queen Mary?
Ever yours, CHARLES T.
COGHLAN.

"P.S.—I am afraid that they will soon have to smooth their wrinkled front of the P. of W. Alas !
Helas ! Ah, me ! "

This postscript, I think must have referred to the approaching withdrawal of "Wrinkles" from the Prince of Wales's, and the return of Coghlan and myself to the cast.

Meanwhile, we went to see Irving's King Philip.

Well, I can only say that he never did anything better to the day of his death. Never shall I forget his expression

and manner when Miss Bateman, as Queen
Mary (she was
very good, by the way), was pouring out her
heart to him.
The horrid, dead look, the cruel
unresponsiveness, the
indifference of the creature ! While the poor
woman
protested and wept, he went on polishing
up his ring !
Then the tone in which he asked :